

BOSTON, JANUARY 17, 1880.

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter.

*All the articles not credited to other publications were expressly written for this Journal.**Published fortnightly by Houghton, Osgood and Company, Boston, Mass. Price, 10 cents a number; \$2.50 per year.**For sale in Boston by Carl Pruefer, 30 West Street, A. Williams & Co., 283 Washington Street, A. K. Loring, 369 Washington Street, and by the Publishers; in New York by A. Brentano, Jr., 39 Union Square, and Houghton, Osgood & Co., 21 Astor Place; in Philadelphia by W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut Street; in Chicago by the CHICAGO MUSIC COMPANY, 512 State Street.*

WANTED — A COMPOSER FOR THE ORGAN.

BY H. H. STATHAM.

THERE is no intention to imply, by the above heading, that there are not many contemporary writers for the grandest of instruments whose productions are well worth the serious study of the player and the serious attention of the listener. One of the most gifted among our native writers for the organ we have unhappily recently lost, — one who never wrote carelessly or indifferently, and never forgot the high character of the instrument or descended to sensational or popular composition for its key-board. But it would not be difficult to name a good many living musicians, English, French, and German, who have supplied and will, it is to be hoped, continue to supply the organ-player with much food that is convenient for him and his hearers, in a considerable variety of styles or manners, all calculated to bring out and illustrate qualities special to the organ as distinguished from other instruments. As to a different class of writers who turn out, *currente calamo*, showy and flimsy marches, offertoires, and other pieces calculated to produce much noisy effect with little real effort on the part of either composer or performer, and in which the true character of the instrument is entirely ignored for a style of handling which may be called prancing on it rather than playing on it, these need not be taken into account here at all. The organ is above all others the instrument for intellectual music, and productions into which no intellect goes are beside its mark altogether.

But admitting all the value and interest of a good deal that is written for the organ at present, it remains a fact, and a vexatious one for lovers of the instrument, that none of the few composers of the highest class, and who have the widest aims, seem disposed to pay any attention to the organ. There have been, in fact, only two classical composers for the instrument, — Bach and (after a long interval) Mendelssohn. Handel may be named, perhaps, in virtue of his concertos, but he can only be named doubtfully. The organs on which he played, and for which he composed his few extant concertos, were so limited in their size and scope — wanting, above all, the great glory and power of the organ, the pedal-board — that it was impossible that he could realize or work out the special capabilities of the instrument. As rearranged for a large organ by the greatest of modern organ-players, two or three of these concertos can always be depended upon to "tell" with a general audience; and they are in this way very valuable to a player as

furnishing music of a robust, masculine type, such as no musician need be ashamed of caring for, and at the same time sufficiently simple and straightforward to appeal to the sympathies of a less cultured audience. It may be said that this praise, which may be applied in the same terms to a great deal of Handel's choral writing, is in reality almost the highest that could be given to a composer; and so it is in one sense. But while Handel's choral works not only represent the perfection of style in vocal writing, but rise at their best to the very loftiest musical feeling, his organ works never do rise to this point, and (which is more to the present purpose) they hardly ever represent the special powers of the instrument. With the exception of such short, slow movements as that which opens the Fifth Concerto, there are hardly any movements among the organ concertos which may not be played with equal, sometimes with better, effect on the piano-forte; and, moreover, the "solos" introduced, and originally intended as display passages for the player, are mostly so hackneyed in form, and resemble each other so much in manner, that a listener entering in the middle of one of these passages would find it difficult to say at the moment which out of two or three of the concertos was being played. What Handel may have made of these works when he played them himself, filling in the bare outlines and introducing, very likely, contrapuntal design extemporized at the moment, we can hardly judge; but, as they stand, these concertos can only in a modified sense claim to be regarded as classical organ music.

Of Bach it is unnecessary to say anything, of course; he is the acknowledged king of the organ. One observation may be made in regard to a point which amateur lovers of Bach, at least, hardly seem to recognize; that is, the decided way in which his organ preludes and fugues, as contrasted with those for the harpsichord or clavier, are put together in such a manner as to suit the special power of definition of the instrument. This is, indeed, obvious enough in the preludes, which are mostly of a style and design quite distinct from those written for the clavier. But a strict fugue is a strict fugue, for whatever instrument it be written; and accordingly some people have rashly supposed that the organ and harpsichord or clavier fugues of Bach may be interchanged from one instrument to another without loss of effect. But except in a very few instances this is an illusion. The organ fugues do not tell as duets on the piano, and the fugues from "The Forty-eight" do not as a rule tell on the organ; they are arranged so that the entry of the inner subjects can be brought out by means of finger-pressure, while in the fugues for the organ, on which finger-pressure has no effect in modifying tone, the subject is made to stand out by the mode of disposing the parts in extended harmony, which it would be impossible to play without the assistance of the pedal. The distinction is one difficult to define exactly or to illustrate by special passages, but it must make itself felt to all who endeavor to play the organ and the clavier fugues respectively in such a manner as to mark the entries of the subject clearly; and it is obvious that Bach, a great executant as

well as a great player, felt instinctively the difference between the capabilities of the two instruments, and wrote accordingly, even in the strictest fugal composition.

After Bach, as before remarked, Mendelssohn is the one great name in organ composition. Mozart appears, judging from his recorded remarks, to have thoroughly understood the genius of the instrument, and to have extemporized on it in the pure organ style, to the equal delight of himself and of listeners who remembered Bach; but he wrote nothing specially for it. His two noble fantasias, composed for a mechanical organ, make splendid organ pieces as re-arranged by Mr. Best, but they are not entirely in the organ style, and are in every respect exceptional among his works. Beethoven professed great enjoyment in playing the organ in his younger days, but wrote nothing for it. Schumann is the only other composer of great name who has touched organ-music, and his six fugues on the name of Bach are in the most serious and elevated style, and contain much to interest the player and hearer, but they impress one as labored and only partially successful; and his little pieces called "Lieder ohne Worte for the Organ" have nothing organic about them, and might as well have been written for the piano. But Mendelssohn's organ works stand on quite different ground. They form the only modern examples of organ composition, by a composer of the first class, at once entirely suited to the instrument and representing the best capabilities of the composer. In this respect they have been very much underrated. Among the enthusiastic admirers whom Mendelssohn has had in this country, many (so separate an interest is organ music in general society) hardly know anything of them; and by others we have heard them rated as among his weakest productions. To our thinking the very reverse is the case. Mendelssohn, who in a general way (as most people understand now) was a decided mannerist, and rather a sentimental among composers, is in six organ sonatas less mannered and less sentimental than in most, if not any, of his other classes of work. They stand much higher as organ-music than his piano-forte music does as piano-forte music, and they are each completely distinct and individual in design and feeling, almost as much so as if they were the work of so many different hands; and of what other collection of compositions by Mendelssohn can this be said? The same may be said of his only other organ work, the three preludes and fugues. In the sonatas the fugues that are introduced are the weakest parts (except, perhaps, that in the Second Sonata, which has very fine points); fugue was not Mendelssohn's *forte* as a rule, and there is in his organ fugues occasionally a confusion as to the conduct of the part-writing, and even as to the method of writing it down, which is felt by the player, perhaps, more than by the listener. But, apart from this, these sonatas are noble examples of the application of new treatment to the organ, — perfectly new at the time, — which is entirely in accordance with the genius and the mechanism of the instrument. The step made in the First Sonata beyond all that had previously been written can hardly be overrated

in its importance in regard to the modern development of the instrument; the recitative movement which precedes the finale opened quite a new set of resources in the expressive power of the organ, while the finale showed how effects previously regarded as special to the piano-forte could be translated into the language and adapted to the mechanism of the organ.¹ Each of the sonatas embodies some other suggestion for the treatment of the instrument, originated by the composer, in every case effective and successful, and most of which have since received the compliment of repeated imitation by composers of inferior calibre.

Now it is especially in regard to this suggestiveness and individuality of style in Mendelssohn's organ compositions that we are struck with the contrast when we consider the best of the organ-music which has been written since. Almost all the organ-music we have had since Mendelssohn (and, with his exception, since Bach) is that of composers who are specially organists, who play the instrument and write for it mainly. And players who write for their instrument almost always fall into a mannerism of style, and rarely achieve the highest that the art, or even the instrument, is capable of. If Beethoven, the greatest writer incomparably for the piano-forte, had confined himself to playing and composing for that instrument, there is every reason to suppose that, so far from his piano-forte works having been any finer or more perfect than they are, they would have been less so. The greatest compositions for any given instrument are produced by a composer of the highest calibre, whose genius demands many outlets, and can assimilate itself to the genius of each instrument he selects as the medium for expressing his ideas. It is only genius of the second or third order which is content to write merely for one instrument (Chopin being a rare, perhaps the only, exception). And the misfortune is that most of our modern organ music is furnished simply by organ composers who never get to the heights of musical expression, and many of whom are hopelessly uninteresting. It would hardly be possible to find a more dead-level of mediocrity than in the voluminous pages of Rink's "Organ School," and the ponderous dullness of Hesse is only relieved by one or two pieces possessed of some brightness and character. We have had much better works produced by other writers for the organ since; but somehow the interest of their writing seems to concentrate in one or two successful and effective pieces which exhaust their capabilities. We get a sonata, perhaps, with the name of Van Eyken, or Ritter, or Merkel, which is so effective that we look out for other works by the same composer, only to find that they are echoes, as one may say, of the one successful work which has given the composer his name. Herr Merkel is a little more "all round" in this way than some

others of his brethren; but it must be confessed that he draws upon Mendelssohn and Beethoven, unintentionally perhaps, but very obviously, to an extent which very much weakens his claim to originality. Herr Rheinberger's works present more variety and individuality than those of most of his contemporaries, and it is worth remark that he is one of the few modern organ composers whose works in other branches of composition have attained a recognized and deserved repute. This is the case, too, with our own late composer, Henry Smart; but even in his case the most friendly critic (and none could be more so than the present writer) must be conscious that there is a remarkable similarity in the style and even the phrases of a good many of his organ movements. Dr. Wesley, an organ-player of real genius, expended his strength, as far as the organ is concerned, mainly in extemporizing, and his few published compositions serve rather to indicate what he might have done if he had given his mind more systematically to such composition, than to furnish any large or important addition to the organist's library. We are indebted to Mr. Silas for compositions, few but admirable, and possessing more variety, color, and piquancy of style than are found in the works of some organ composers more popularly known and re-puted. Of the number of writers who have brought out "Three Andantes for the Organ" (and who has not?), all that can be said is that they have increased the stock of "in-voluntaries" (for "middle voluntaries" seem to have gone out), to be forgotten as soon as they have served that purpose.

But of the best and most respected of the contemporary writers, some of whom have been named above, it cannot surely be said that any one has contributed works to the organist's library which can be regarded as among the great classics of music. They themselves would be the very first to disclaim the idea. They have done what they could, and done it well, and we owe them the more thanks for their efforts to contribute to a branch of the art unaccountably neglected by the highest rank of composers. But what we want is to see the organ receive due attention at the hands of the foremost composers of the day. We have had a new violin concerto by Brahms, and a great excitement its production caused; but why cannot a composer of his calibre, so lofty in his style, so serious in his aims, turn some of his genius towards the organ, and give us a new sonata or set of sonatas which might form another epoch in the treatment of the instrument, and be as much a matter of general interest as a new violin concerto? Why can we not have something of the kind from Gounod, whose genius certainly has an affinity with the instrument, and who ought to be able to give us something which would take as high a position in organ music as his "Messe Solennelle" occupies in Catholic church music? It would be of great interest, too, to hear what Wagner would do with a work for a great modern organ; something new and unprecedented ought to come out of that, unquestionably. The contribution of important works for the organ by such composers would not only be a matter of

the highest interest to the organ-player, but it would do something to bring the great instrument out of its comparative neglect by the modern musical world, and place it on a level in general estimation with the piano-forte. At present there are numbers of amateurs, well acquainted with other modern instruments and the music written for them, to whom organ music is a *terra incognita*, and who have the most shadowy notions as to the instrument and its capabilities. And when the great composers entirely neglect it, we can hardly blame the general public for knowing no better.—*London Musical Times*.

"JOHN OF PARIS" AT VIENNA.²

At the Imperial Opera House, Boieldieu's comic opera, *Jean de Paris*, has been brought forth from long oblivion. We acknowledge gratefully the respect which has lately been manifested for classical operas, and cannot do otherwise than support Herr Jauner in the noble feeling which caused him not long since to resuscitate *Idomeo*. But it was no particularly lucky star which led him to *Jean de Paris* of all operas in the world. We fail to appreciate neither the historical significance nor the absolute aesthetic value of the work, though it is certainly very much faded at the present day. But the very thing which constitutes its charming peculiarity cannot have justice done it in a large theatre, and consequently not at the Imperial Opera House. We know what an immense success *Jean de Paris* proved when first produced in Paris (1812) and afterwards in Germany. Boieldieu had just returned from a disagreeable residence of many years in Russia to the French capital, thanks to his *Jean de Paris*, the favorite of his countrymen. What he had previously produced in Paris was not of much importance, and continued to live almost exclusively by this or that romance. Romances, the pet musical form with the French, play a prominent part in all Boieldieu's operas; the whole of *Jean de Paris* is a sort of romance among operas. The tones which *La Dame Blanche* struck at a later period (1825): with such charming volume and richness, are already very decidedly audible in *Jean de Paris*; but all the forms in the latter are more restricted; the invention and combinations are much more simple; the expression is more superficial, and the effects are more timid. From a musical point of view, *Jean* is merely a prelude, though, it is true, a charming one, to *La Dame Blanche*. Boieldieu's weak point, and that of French music generally, namely, the want of intensity and depth of feeling, is much more strikingly apparent in *Jean* than in *La Dame Blanche*, whose graceful smile is inspired and glows with the breath of sentiment. *Jean de Paris* was written by the librettist with an eye to joyous, gallant, conversational music alone; where the composer might desire the expression of feeling, the librettist offers only descriptions of external objects or witty discussions. Even M. A. Pougin, Boieldieu's latest French biographer, admits this. The Princess's very first air—originally an air for Calypso in the composer's earlier opera of *Télémaque!*—contains merely a calm description of the pleasures of traveling. *Jean's* duet with the Page is a short treatise on the duties of knighthood; the Page's air, an exact description of his master's traveling outfit; and *Jean's*, a dissertation on the delights of the table. Gracefully, but like the other pieces, does the duet between the Page and the Landlord's Daughter treat a theme since worn threadbare: the contrast be-

¹ This fine movement is sometimes criticised as unsuitable to the organ, simply on account of its being played faster than the composer intended. As an organ-player himself, Mendelssohn was quite alive to the capabilities and limitations of speech of the organ, and there is nothing in either this movement or the Allegro of the Fifth Sonata which is at variance with the quality of the organ, if the composer's metronomical time is adhered to.

² Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse* in the *London Musical World*, December 20, 1879.

tween town and country life in dance and song. The first and only situation, when, after nothing but masquerading and intriguing, the heart comes into its rights, — not until the very end of the opera, though, — is Jean's confession with the love duet appended to it. But even here the music is totally deficient in tenderness and warmth. We ourselves consider the best number in the entire score to be the first *finale*, which, with its varied and yet elegant confusion and the burles ("Cette auberge est à mon gré, m'y voici j'y resterai") employed so effectively, is a masterly example of the comedy-treatment of broad musical form. Boieldieu here reveals what, with all his independence, he learned from Mozart, and what he was to unfold, with still greater florid beauty and richness, in the licitation scene of *La Dame Blanche*.

Who can fail to perceive that the graceful *Jean de Paris* has nowadays lost much of its original charm? The music sounds, here and there, exceedingly dry and insipid, quite apart from the extreme simplicity of the instrumental treatment. These defects seem to increase with the size of the stage on which the opera is performed, while, on the other hand, the good qualities most especially its own are thrown into the background and grow obscure. The proper soil on which alone conversational operas like *Jean de Paris* flourish is at all times a small stage such as that of the Opéra Comique, where audience and performers are on a more intimate footing; where no turn in the dialogue, no delicacy of the accompaniment, and no portion of the play of features are lost. *Jean de Paris* is not effective in a large theatre like the Opera House. We know only one valid reason which could cause and justify its being produced there: the fact of the manager's happening to be in a position to cast the opera exceptionally well. We do not mean by this, with simply distinguished artists, but with artists distinguished in this particular branch of art; specialists, or, at any rate, artists possessing decided talent for French acting opera. Such artists our Opera House cannot at the present moment show, and the management could consequently hope for no more than a very small measure of success. For a work which by its very style is unsuited to the Opera House, and is, in addition, growing rapidly out of date, a "respectable" performance is not sufficient. It must be re-animated by artists of brilliant talent, or not given at all. An example of such brilliant talent, such a complete incarnation, or such a spiritualization, of opéra comique, was Roger — Gustave Roger, whose place will never be filled, and whom we shall never forget. In the year 1866, he sang for the last time the part of Jean de Paris in the little Harmonie-Theatre, the unfortunate precursor of our not much more fortunate Komische Oper. He was already advanced in years, and had only one arm; he sang with the remains of his voice, and in a foreign language. Yet every scene played by him conveyed more to the audience and afforded them incomparably higher enjoyment than yesterday's entire performance at the Imperial Opera House. Roger's entrancing style invested the wretched *mise-en-scène* at the Harmonie-Theatre with more golden brilliancy than the magnificent costumes at the Imperial Opera House could impart to the efforts of the singers there. A Roger, it is true, is not to be met with every day, not even in France, where they now do not possess, either at the Grand Opera or at the Opéra Comique, any tenor who, in talent or art, so much as approximates to Roger. Far, therefore, are we from wishing to compare any German tenor in a specifically French creation like *Jean de Paris* with Roger. A man may be a very excellent Elvino, Ernani, or Raoul, and yet not possess a

special natural qualification for the light tattle of comic opera. Our admirable artist, Müller, took most conscientiously the greatest pains with his part, but the pains were the most prominent portion of his impersonation. The extremely jerky, quick sentences of the German version, which Jean has to sing, with a word to each note, give any German singer enough to do; a Frenchman lets them glide, as it were, off his lips. Herr Müller tears his larynx to tatters. As a performance in an unusual field of action, Herr Müller's Jean deserved sincere respect; looked at from a purely vocal point of view, it may be said to have towered over everything done by any one else. Herr Scaria was more at home; in the part of the Seneschal he brought to bear the advantage of an exceedingly clear utterance and naturally phlegmatic gravity. He did not produce with his air the great effect which renders the latter so dear to famous vocalists (Stockhausen, for instance); he was frequently under the necessity of having recourse to those carefully deadened high notes, which form so flat a contrast to the vigorous notes of his middle and lower register.

Mme. Kupfer, as the Princess of Navarre, looked magnificent. She was, indeed, a princess who could afford to be gazed at! But this was all. Even in the non-florid, simple pieces, such as the Troubadour's romance, her singing was pure naturalism. Mlle. Braga exhibited, as the Page, much versatility, and, as a vocalist, got over the difficulties of her entrance-air pretty well. We must, however, regret the restless and unpleasing eagerness with which she is always striving to put her undeniable dramatic talent in a favorable light, and thereby succeeds only in exhibiting it in a distorting glass. She is exaggerated in her dramatic accentuation; in the vivacity of her movements; and, above all, in her facial expression. She is fond of accompanying every bar with a fresh look. Let her display a little more natural truth and simplicity, and she will certainly produce more genuine effects. With the above named leading artists, called on several times after the fall of the curtain, were associated Mlle. Kraus (Lorenza) and Herr Lay (Pedrigo), who did very meritoriously what they had to do. The opera is placed on the stage as effectively as possible; the new costumes especially, by their magnificence and historical accuracy, are well worth seeing.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

BERLIOZ'S "PRISE DE TROIE."

(From Correspondence of the New York Musical Review.)

So long as a musical work exists only on paper, it is about the same as if it existed only in the mind of its author. The only way to test a piece of music is to perform it. . . . All those who love Berlioz (and their number is now very great) owe a debt of gratitude to our two popular conductors of orchestra, Pasdeloup and Colonne, for their idea of taking the *Prière de Troie* from the shelves of the book stores and of presenting it to the public in a manner which, though incomplete on account of its lacking the essential element of action, nevertheless enables the public to judge of the work from a musical point of view, whilst they wait for some intelligent manager of a theatre to gain assured success by putting on the stage the *Prière de Troie* and representing anew the *Troyens à Carthage*.

It has often been said that Berlioz is not a dramatic genius; but after the twenty performances of the *Troyens à Carthage*, given at Paris in 1863, that assertion seems rather strong. He certainly does not understand the stage as did Scribe and Meyerbeer; he has not, as a poet

the commonplace facility of the former, or, as a musician, the accommodating eclecticism of the latter. His inspiration is often labored, but it is very rarely that he can be accused of committing a scenic absurdity, and *never* is he guilty of any of those repugnant theatrical vulgarities which Scribe so much affected and which Meyerbeer unhappily accepted with too much complaisance. Knowing that he was capable of great achievements, and avoiding the beaten paths, Berlioz could scarcely help producing something powerful and original; that passionate admirer of Virgil, of Shakespeare, of Gluck, and of Spontini could not be lacking in poetic and dramatic feeling. The powerful scenes of *Benvenuto Cellini*, the ravishing tableaux of *Beatrice et Benedict*, and the grand and charming episodes of the *Troyens* are proofs of this.

Berlioz's inspiration is labored, as I have already said. This truth often makes itself felt in his works, and what is known of his mode of working only confirms this impression. He, moreover, did not receive any musical education in his early youth. He could play only a little, a very little, on the guitar and flute and none at all on any other instrument. With the music of the classic masters he did not become familiar until much later. This accounts for the want of ease observable in some of his music. But this fault, which in one less strongly organized would manifest itself in harsh and awkward phrases, in trifling and unequal numbers, in a word, in weakness, is in him very much attenuated by the immediate contact with vigorous thoughts, full of beauties, which invade and penetrate the hearer and prevent him from spending much thought on those gaps in the "musicality."

The system of composition followed by Berlioz in his operas proceeds from two different sources. There is, first, the influence of the style of his favorite authors — an influence very easily recognized in many a passage; and then that which is peculiarly his own, which he has created under the incubation of the romantic period, and which Richard Wagner certainly took for the point of departure of his creations, but, as is well known, after the first efflorescence of the genius of Berlioz.

In briefly analyzing the *Prière de Troie*, we shall try to distinguish, among the principal movements, those which may be arranged under one or other of the above two heads.

The entire lyric poem, taken by Berlioz from the second and fourth books of the *Aeneid*, formed at first in the mind of the author only one composition. But the dimensions which the work assumed soon obliged him to cut it in two, in order to adapt it to the stage. Of these two parts that to which he gave the preference, and which deserved it, and which, after years of waiting, he finally had the happiness of seeing put upon the stage, was the second, the *Troyens à Carthage*. In regard to the *Prière de Troie*, he had no hope that it would be represented before the arrival of better times, and these have been very long in coming. It appears that, in proportion as Berlioz advanced in his work, his style became more assured and fixed; for in the first part there are some evidently tentative passages, some compromises with the old lyric doctrines, which are not found in the second. The *Prière de Troie* is merely a beautiful and grand prologue. The musician tunes his lyre, and it gives forth most glorious accents, but also among them more than one discord.

The first act opens with a chorus of the Trojan populace, which is dispersed over the plain after the apparent departure of the Greeks. The chorus is of an awkward and strained measure; its scholastic forms indicate very poorly the abandon, the disorder, which ought to reign

under such circumstances. Berlioz introduced here the onomatopeias which he so much affected, those *ha! ha!* vocalized, which are ridiculous, and nothing else. Cassandra, the prophetess, enters upon the scene after the departure of the chorus; her recitative, "Les Grecs ont disparu," is in grand style, and the admirable air that follows, "Malheureux roi!" might, aside from some harmonies that modernize it, have been written by Gluck. In the duo between Cassandra and her affianced, Corœbus, three parts are to be distinguished: the dialogues in recitative, which are of a beautiful and noble declaration; the two cantabiles of Corœbus, "Reviens à moi," in the style of Spontini, and "Mais le ciel et la terre," recall Méhul and his correct frigidity; finally, the union of the two voices, where some series of thirds and sixths spoil a fine situation. Berlioz was not himself in that feeble personation of the first act, the shortest and the least good of the three.

A hymn in the form of a march, in which the Trojans return thanks to the gods who protected their city, begins the second act. It is of a texture sufficiently heavy; the composer sought to write popular music, but the effort made is very perceptible, and it came to nothing. What is the sense, for example, of the somewhat puerile oppositions of *forte* and *piano* in "Dieu de l'Olympe," and "Dieu de mers," for which there is absolutely no reason whatever? Nevertheless, thanks to the powerful instrumentation, there are some fine-sounding passages in the movement, and it is not without effect on the public, since at the Châtelet, where, however, the encores are very frequent, it had to be repeated last Sunday. A pleasant and short diversion, "A combat with the cestus, passage at arms," in which occurs an episode in 5-4 measure, precedes a grand scene of singing and pantomime, mixed, in which figure Andromache, her son Astyanax, King Priam and Queen Hecuba, and which has sense and is interesting only on a stage. Æneas comes running, to tell, in a rapid melopeia, the terrible spectacle of which he has just been a witness: the Trojan priest and his two sons choked to death by two enormous serpents that arose from the sea. Then begins a grand movement *d'ensemble* (ottetto and chorus): "Châtiment effroyable," which is one of the rare, but very great, mistakes of Berlioz. A gradation of effect, ably obtained, and fine vocal and orchestral passages are not sufficient to justify the excessive length of this movement, its fastidious repetitions of words, and the false manner in which the situation is treated. It is an inexplicable concession to the ancient operatic routine, which Berlioz so often covered with his sarcasm. Happily there comes soon after a very dramatic air by Cassandra, deplored that her counsels have not been followed, and that the fatal present of the Greeks has been introduced into the city; then, at the end, a splendid movement, full of resplendence, life, and interest, uniting in the highest degree all that which constitutes the value of a lyric musical movement. It is the Trojan march, "Du roi des dieux, ô fille aimée," and it is twenty times better than that which, in a very similar situation, closes the second act. If Berlioz had not written this before Wagner, we should say that this march is like an echo from *Tannhäuser*. But the French musician had in him, long before, the aspirations which were to be realized in so personal and so new a manner in his symphonic poems. His style was altogether his own for a long time, and if sometimes it was not equal to that of a more ancient art, it was so only temporarily, and when the inspiration had left him. He for a long time, and with reason, thought much of that march, for he intercalated it also in the recitative prologue of the *Tragédie à Carthage*,

which prologue was added in the representations of the opera, in order to resume in a few lines the portion not then represented, that is, the *Prise de Troie*.

In the third act we find, first, a scene which would have a most powerful effect in a theatre; for even performed at a concert, with only symphonic resources, it produced a very lively impression. It is the appearance of the shade of Hector, who comes to show Æneas the way of safety after the destruction of Troy, and commands him to flee to Italy with his gods, the treasure of Priam, and the defenders of the city, who are no longer of any use to it. In Hector's recital no other notes are employed except the chromatic series descending in the interval of an octave, from B-flat to B-flat: these phrases unfolding themselves *recto tono* as a psalody, in the space of twenty-eight measures, and accompanied only by the long chords of the string instruments and the muted notes of the horn, are of a terrible effect. The use of the horn, in particular, with its lugubrious sounds is one of those novelties interdicted to ordinary minds. The entire scene bears the stamp of genius. The ruin of Troy is almost accomplished; the Greeks are in the city, pillaging, burning, and killing; but Æneas, his companions, their gods, and the treasure of Priam have escaped them. Then the Trojan women implore the help of Cybèle; their chorus, in three parts, opens with a plaintive exclamation, leaving, between the voice and the instruments, the interval of a diminished fifth, to D-flat, which there produces a heart-rending effect. Berlioz was certainly a great colorist. The chorus itself, "Puissante Cybèle," has much sweetness in its melancholic tint. Cassandra enters with disheveled hair and in tears. She makes to Vesta a sacrifice of her life, and exhorts her companions to imitate her example rather than permit themselves to fall into the hands of the Greeks. Some heroically accept the alternative, the others hesitate, and are reviled by the former. The voluntary victims with Cassandra at their head immolate themselves just when the vanquishers come to lay hands on them. . . . This whole final scene, on which Berlioz has left his vigorous and altogether personal imprint, is admirably conducted, and in the highest degree dramatic. The recitative of Cassandra, the choruses of the women, everything in the three parts is of the most intense interest, which does not for a moment diminish. If this opera were well performed in a theatre with an intelligent *mise-en-scène*, this termination ought to produce a deep impression.

The melodic style of Berlioz in the *Prise de Troie* is, above all, expressive. Gluck's precepts guided him. In regard to the manner of writing, there is little to be found fault with, except in some of the slight details, as, for instance, the first notes sung by Æneas in the second act, to the words: "Du peuple et des soldats," and which oblige the singer to sound, without preparation, a G sharp and an A sharp, and this without any plausible reason. The harmony and the instrumentation are, in the entire work, full of relief and interest; and it is evident that, in it all, the technical part of the composition was that which most preoccupied Berlioz, and in which he most constantly drew upon his inventive genius. As Wagner, so Berlioz was his own proper poet. His verses are often very beautiful, but there are not wanting weak places in them. He had, besides, no pretension to deserving poetic laurels, and he wrote his own libretto only in order to be certain that the entire work should be modeled according to his ideas.

—
"SIG. BASSO scored a complete success."—
Set it to music? or won a bass bawl match?

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN IN VICTORIA STREET.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is the "Celebrity at Home" in the *World* recently. The writer of the article says that Mr. Sullivan may owe his cheerful temperament rather to his race than to his musical destiny. Of Irish parentage on one side and of Italian descent on the other, he perhaps retains the vivacity of the Irish with the more solid intellectual qualities of the Italian. Lively as his manner is, now that he is again thoroughly restored to health, it is, however, no difficult matter to bring him to a serious level. To him all beautiful things suggest an equivalent in his own art, to which he strives, above all things, to impart positive character. A remarkable instance of his faculty in this peculiar direction is afforded by the exquisite part-song, "We will wash him, mend him, tend him," in the second act of the *Sorcerer*, which at once brings before the mind's eye chintz gowns, flowered waistcoats, and a dance upon the village green. This beautiful specimen of what may be called light-handed work was once sung with immense applause at one of Mr. Leslie's concerts by Madame Patey and other artists in the front rank of their profession, by whom every delicate *nuance* was charmingly and sympathetically rendered. Here at the purists took fright, and difficult as it is to believe, actually protested with solemn dullness against the introduction of music written for a light theatrical piece into a concert otherwise composed of "serious" work. Dull people always do this kind of thing, and quite overlook the well-worn truth, that to play with a subject the author must know it thoroughly. These are the men who call Frenchmen superficial because they are clear, and Germans profound because they are ponderous. As Mr. W. S. Gilbert deserves honor for the ability with which he defends authorship against the outrages of managers, publishers, *hoc genus omne*, so does Mr. Sullivan merit glory for the thoroughly artistic hopefulness and manly self-denial which enables him to resist the temptation of tuition — the rock on which so many musicians of fair promise have struck. Happily for the public and himself, he preferred long years of hard work, sweetened now and then by that praise which is so remote from solid pudding, to the very handsome income which teaching would have given him at once. With the audacity which sometimes accompanies genius, he spurned the *pot-au-feu* of the instructor, and determined to live by genuine work. None but those acquainted with the musical profession can do full justice to the young composer, who, instead of spending his day in picking up seven or eight guineas from inharmonious skulls, devotes the whole of it to original work, and trusts for his bread to its success. He has, of course, one immense advantage over the giver of lessons. Be the latter never so skilled, he comes to his original work wearied and jaded, and under these depressing circumstances the fire of genius must require a world of stirring before it will burn brightly. This life of alternate drudgery and inspiration Arthur Sullivan determined should never be his. Like a musical Cortez he burned his ships, and trusted to the unexplored possibilities of art to justify his resolves. Just at this moment there is some little danger that the reputation of Arthur Sullivan as a solid musician of the higher class will be overshadowed by the enormous popularity attained by the light and pretty music which, wedded to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's exquisitely humorous "words," has driven America as well as England mad over *H. M. S. Pinafore*. This purely national and original vein of production was hit upon in the oddest way. Thirteen years ago Charles Burnett, a writer on *Punch*, died, and his family be-

ing left in sore distress, a benefit was arranged, and Mr. F. C. Burnand promised to collaborate with Mr. Sullivan in a musical piece. Time passed, till within a week of the benefit it occurred to the collaborators as they were going to church that they had collaborated nothing. Mr. Burnand was equal to the occasion. "Let us," said he, "set Cox and Box to music." Sullivan, struck with the happy thought, said "Book it;" and in seven days the work was written, learned, rehearsed and rendered by Messrs. Du Maurier, Harold Power, and Arthur Cecil. Transferred to the German Reed entertainments, *Cox and Box* ran for five hundred nights, and Mr. Arthur Cecil achieved a genuine triumph. Few will forget his singing the delightful "Lullaby Bacon." The success of *Cox and Box* opened up a prospect of lucrative work to Arthur Sullivan, whose first work produced in conjunction with W. S. Gilbert was *Thespis*, written for Mr. Toole, and adapted for the peculiarities of his individual organ. *Thespis* ran a hundred nights, but is now obscured by the brighter light of *Trial by Jury*, *The Sorcerer*, and *Pinafore*, the latter of which was worked out by the composer during intense physical pain which preceded his serious illness last summer. In Mr. Gilbert Mr. Sullivan has found a collaborator after his own heart. His lines are always smooth and perfect in rhythm, and what is more important, as Mr. Sullivan avers, are eminently suggestive. The composer lays great stress upon this point, inasmuch as he holds that the "words" of a musical piece should suggest the music. In producing their work the authors of *Pinafore* proceed after a method of their own. Instead of the "book" being after due consultation written and then set to music, the work goes on simultaneously by a gradual process of piling up number on number. Above all things it is kept in mind that the opening chorus and air must be lively and characteristic, and that the finale to the first act shall put the audience in good humor. Another serious matter is to decide when the music is to be made of the first importance and when subordinated to the words. When a dramatic situation can be perfectly illustrated by the music, the composer allows his power full scope; but when explanation is needed, cuts down his music to mere intoning, as in the immortal "I'm monarch of the sea," in which the repetition of "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," has ten-fold the force and fun it would have if sung to an air. Bit by bit book and music are produced, and the work is done; and what the over-serious call an amusing trifle is produced — no trifle to the laborers before the mast of *H. M. S. Pinafore*. — *Yorkshire Post*.

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.¹
FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M.
HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XIX.

(*To one beginning to paint*) Learn to paint the whole thing in at once. Do, visibly and positively, certain things that you have not been in the habit of doing. Study to arrange certain things for a result later. When the result arrives, that's the end of it. You want to pack certain things in your trunk before you start.

See what the vital things are! Give up all idea of "finish!" Nobody ever finished. Keep the canvas as a slate to do your sums on. Don't expect to finish it, sign your name, and present it to your grandmother. She won't care anything about it. Use your canvas like a tablet to do your lessons on. When you learn what values are, you'll find that a picture exists.

Get the general look of things. Look at the light

¹ Copyright 1867, by Helen M. Knowlton.

on the top of that head. (*A plaster bas-relief*.) It is simple and clear, but you, in your anxiety to draw whatever you *think* you see, cover it with lines and disturb it with shadows.

What is the effect? A brilliant white cast against a gray background. Don't look for lines. Don't borrow any dark lines. There are enough of them, we all know. You think you see lines in that hair, and you put them in until they look like the teeth of a coarse comb.

"Masses" are great spaces where the light strikes and where the shadows fall. Close your eyes and see how the lines disappear compared with the great mass of shadow!

"I can see one!"

Of course you can; and you can see things which are not there. Your business is no: scrutiny; it is impression, perception. When you look at that cast you see a beautiful image. You don't see a collection of lines. You don't want to do any more than there is to do. You do too much work; or what you call work. You won't believe how little work there is in a fine thing! Look at "Clytie," yonder! How many "lines" do you see? You can do it all without a line. Do it like an apparition at first. The shoulders and chest are one mass of light. Little tints; to be sure, there are; but with two or three you can model the whole thing. I say *you*. I mean myself. I mean all of us. You may draw lines to the end of time, and you won't have a picture. You can't do things simply without studying. You don't want a lot of lines, like a rain-storm, to give an impression. You need one solid, flat tint. Look at this background. I'm not doing it for finish, but for fact. You get your outlines too much before getting your masses; and then you leave a light edge, like a halo, all around the head, for fear of losing the outline.

Better be frankly wrong, than doubtfully right. In drawing the little girl's frock, put in decided shadows wherever you see them. Then you will know where you are. Now you have the general tint and the shadows of the drapery, see how the hands and wrists come out luminous.

Having made the hair dark, you can take out the little lights that fall on the braid. Don't do it as you think it is! You don't know how a braid looks. You can't draw details until you get the masses. Count the lights on the braid, and put them all in as you *think* they are, and where are you? You are working like a wig-maker, and have added a great deal which you really did not see.

Simplify certain things, and add what is necessary. If you see a robin in the grass, don't draw in every blade of the grass. Don't put in stuff that doesn't mean anything. Look at that shadow in the corner of the room! Full, rich, dark, and undisturbed by lines and details.

Ordinary outlines represent nothing. They are a map of what the drawing might have been — if there had been any.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1880.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The New Year opened musically. The second Symphony Concert, in spite of business and gifts and calls, drew a large audience to the Music Hall, who were regaled and edified with a choice artistic programme of both old and new, the former represented by Bach and Mozart, the latter by Bargiel, Bruch, and Rubinstein, while Mendelssohn, the young Felix, full of filial piety, loyal to the past, yet pressing forward, stood for the transition and connecting link, though Schumann might have stood there more significantly. These were the selections: —

Overture to "Medea" Bargiel.
Aria: "My heart ever faithful," with Piano and Cello. Bach.
Mra. J. W. Weston.

Symphony, in D (No. 1, Breitkopf and Härtel) . . . Mozart.
Adagio and Allegro — Andante — Presto.
Chaconne, in D minor, originally for Violin Solo, Bach.
Overture to "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde," Mendelssohn.
Aria: "Ingeborg's Lament," from "Scenes from the Frithjof Saga," Op. 23 (new) . . . Max Bruch.
Mra. J. W. Weston.

First Movement (*Allegro maestoso*) from the "Ocean" Symphony, in C, Op. 42 . . . Rubinstein.

Bargiel's *Medea* Overture was given for the fourth time during the past ten years of these concerts, and it wears well, — one of the best of the Overtures since Schumann. It is sombre and tragical, to be sure, from the nature of the subject, but this is relieved by an exquisitely tender and melodious episode; and, as a whole, the work is grand, impressive, and original. It was finely played. The Mozart Symphony, one of several in D, and "without Minuet," is a lovely composition, spontaneous, melodious, unmistakably clear in its intentions. You do not have to ask yourself whether you understand it, or whether you really like it, as you do after almost every recent work. There it stands, positive and perfect, which is only saying that it is by Mozart; with him it is no painful climbing to a would-be heaven of invention; in that heaven of harmony he lives and breathes at home, and what he composes is beyond criticism; only sympathy, appreciation, are in place while he is on the stage, and nothing can be less appreciative than to consign such a symphony as this to the background because, forsooth, it has no part for the clarinet, no trombones, tubas, and the like, as modern orchestral productions have. With simpler means Mozart could express more than the moderns with their monster orchestras, and from fewer instruments evoke, not seldom, a more satisfying sonority; and so could Haydn. Of this Symphony the first movement is the most important, with its noble Adagio introduction, and its genial Allegro, of which the principal motive is almost identical with that of the *Zauberflöte* Overture, which is charmingly worked up with secondary motives and with beautiful tone coloring. The Andante is graceful, sweet, and tender, but was made a little cloying by unnecessary observance of the conventional repetition marks. The Presto is like happy lovers' melody; many will remember an old English love duet, once often heard in parlors, which was palpably cut out from one of its tuneful passages. The Symphony was delicately rendered, and we do not envy the spoiled musical appetite which found no zest in it.

Of a grander, broader, deeper order, yet in harmonious succession, came the Bach *Chaconne*. Raff made an important addition to our orchestral répertoire when he transcribed that wonderful violin solo — perhaps the greatest thing ever written for a single violin — for orchestra. He finds his justification for so doing (so he says in a short preface to the score) in the polyphonic character of Bach's violin solos, which, he thinks, shows that they were intended for development into full orchestral proportions. But the wonder is that the violin part contains all this and seems so perfect in itself. Nevertheless, the fact that the original work admitted of such a marvelous expansion, such an inexhaustible wealth and variety of form and color, as one variation after another develops out of the pregnant, still ever present, sober theme, each a fresh surprise and keen delight, helps us to realize what an intrinsic power and inspiration reside in that solo for the violin. Raff has executed the task in a masterly way, showing a consummate knowledge of the resources of the orchestra and of the art of instrumentation. Such fascination is there in the piece, such unsailing certainty of a fresh revelation, yet a home-like feeling of

identity, in each successive variation, that one could almost pray to have the theme keep on renewing and transfiguring itself in that way all day long.

In pleasant contrast came the fresh, youthful, spring-like little Overture of Mendelssohn. It was a mistake, however, to leave off the four measures from the introduction which recur so expressively at the end. The Allegro from the "Ocean" Symphony made a strong, exhilarating, bright conclusion to the concert. There is a great deal of the poetry of Ocean in it; it is imaginative, romantic, graphic, and exciting music, but probably requires several hearings for its full appreciation. Though it was played with spirit, yet in some parts, in certain instruments, its outlines and its felicities of detail were somewhat blurred by carelessness of phrasing and of rhythmical division.

Mrs. Weston has a rich and musical mezzo-soprano voice, and sings with unaffected feeling and expression, though hardly with enough *abandon* in the rapturous song of Bach, which would have been more effective in that great hall with an orchestral accompaniment (the Franz parts could not be found); but the piano and 'cello obligato were nicely played by Mr. Foote and Mr. Wulf Fries. The "Lament," from Bruch's *Friðjof*, a sort of Thekla's song, is very beautiful, both in its simple, touching melody, which has a true Norse flavor, and in its delicate romantic orchestration (without trumpets or trombones), in which the violas have a very active part. It proved to be admirably suited to Mrs. Weston's voice and manner, and made a deep impression; the calls for a repetition were enthusiastic and persistent, but were modestly declined.

EUTERPE. — The second concert, Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, was a very enjoyable occasion, — all the more so through the return to the pleasant old arrangement of placing the performers in the middle of the listeners. The programme gave us old and new, the classical and the romantic, in singular contrast, thus: —

Quartet *W. A. Mozart.*
No. 465, Koechel's Catalogue. Composed
January 14, 1785, at Vienna. No. 6 of
the set of six quartets dedicated to Joseph
Haydn.

Adagio C major, 3-4
Allegretto C major, 4-4
Andante cantabile F major, 3-4
Menuetto; allegretto C major, 3-4
Trio C minor, 3-4
Allegro molto C major, 2-4

Quartet, No. 7, Opus 192, No. 2 *Joachim Raff.*
The Miller's Pretty Daughter. A Cycle of Tone-poems.
The Youth — Allegretto D major, 9-8
The Mill — Allegro G minor, 2-4
The Miller's Daughter — Andante, quasi
adagietto B flat major, 6-8
Unrest — Allegro D minor, 4-4
Explanation — Andantino, quasi allegretto G major, 3-4
For the Nuptial Eve — Vivace D major, 4-4

The Quartet in C is one of the old favorites, one of the perfect things of Mozart. It was beautifully rendered by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, especially the Andante with that interesting figure in the 'cello part. Raff's "programme" piece is no Quartet at all in point of form or spirit, but it is very interesting in all but the last of its six scenes or tone-pictures, being melodious, rich, and euphonious in the blending of the instruments, and full of poetic suggestion. The first number seems to express the vague longing for love in the youth's soul, the aimless aspiration, and the music is a little prolix as well as vague, yet enjoyable. "The Mill" is the most natural and charming number; this gave general delight, and had to be repeated. The fifth number, "Explanation," or declaration, confession (*Erklärung*), also pleased exceedingly. Mr. Giese's manly 'cello tone was certainly very eloquent and tender in its pleading, and the very soft voice of the maiden was supposed to be heard in the first violin. All very pretty, but whether

such a love duet between two instruments would keep much hold upon one's sympathies after several hearings may well be a question. Probably the Mozart and Beethoven style of Quartet will long outlast it. The last piece, "Zum Polter-Abend," which means, we suppose, the noisy mock serenade of the "Nuptial Eve," seemed a rushing, scrambling, head-over-heels sort of movement, and we fear would have seemed so even if it had not been scrambled through with the hard-taxed instruments.

THE Second UNIVERSITY CONCERT, with its first performance in this country of the Goetz Symphony, with two beautiful movements of a Divertimento (for string orchestra and two horns) by Mozart, two great Overtures, and Miss Ita Welsh's singing, was altogether enjoyable, Mr. Listemann's Philharmonic Orchestra playing very finely; but we must reserve fuller notice.

MAX BRUCH'S "ODYSSEUS" (CONCLUDED). — We left the hero rescued from the waves by the Oceanides, and deposited, asleep, hungry, and naked, on the shore of the green and happy island of the Phaeacians, a race favored of the Immortals, dwelling in fabulous peace, and leading a life all innocent gayety and sunshine. And now follow two of the finest scenes of the work.

VI. Nausicaa. She is the king's daughter, who is dancing and singing and "tossing the light ball" with her lighter-hearted maidens. Their strain, in 9-8 measure, alternating with a simpler one in 6-8, is exceedingly graceful, light, and buoyant. They sing of carefree trust and joy: "Seize the fleeting, blissful hour," etc., with an exquisitely accompanying figure in the orchestra. His awakening and surprise at seeing, as it were, Diana and her nymphs, and his supplication for aid, are admirably managed; and the cordial hymn-like chorus of welcome: "Beggars and strangers always come from Zeus," concludes a number rich in musical invention and felicitous transitions. The part of Nausicaa was tastefully sung by Mrs. G. A. Adams. Now follows music of a grander strain.

VII. The Banquet with the Phaeacians. This is the most exciting, and, by all odds, the greatest number in the work. A marrowy and vigorous fugue theme is introduced by the bass voices, answered by the tenor, alto, and soprano, and is worked up into a magnificent whole, with a most enthusiastic and effective accompaniment. To this grand outburst of welcome succeeds the yet grander song of the Rhapsodes, for which all the strings of the orchestra resolve themselves into a gigantic, all-pervading "harp of a thousand strings," resounding with full chords *pizzicato*, in bold, broad, and unflagging rhythm. Tenors and basses, in powerful unison, recite the tale of the fall of Troy, the fate of Agamemnon, and the ten years' wandering of Ulysses. Of course this leads to his discovery, and the short, startling chorus, one voice after another, "T is he," "tis he," soon all uniting in full, strong chords: "T is the chieftain of might," which is worthy of what has gone before. And then, in grateful contrast and completion to all this glorious excitement comes the softer, sweeter, but rich, full, satisfying quartet and chorus in praise of home; then, *Allegro con brio*, with a most exhilarating accompaniment, with cheering chorus of the people, the shining sails are spread, the oars groan again, and away the hero is borne upon the homeward voyage. This whole scene is full of genius and consummate art; the music tells the story wonderfully well.

VIII. We come back to poor Penelope, weaving the garment, unraveling by night what she has woven by day, to baffle the importunity of the suitors. She sings a very simple, yearning minor melody, to which the accompaniment supplies the *agitated* of her anxious heart; the low, sad song is only varied by one mild burst of indignation as she thinks of the presumptuous carousers. It is a song of simple beauty and true feeling, but almost lost amid the more brilliant and exciting scenes, although Miss Homer sang it touchingly and truly.

IX. The Return. Tenderly singing in soft unison, the Phaeacians carry the sleeping Odysseus on

shore, then steal away, and their smooth four-part song is heard, softer and softer, as they recede. He wakes, does not recognize his native land, denounces the traitors who have abandoned him, wonders where he is, until Athena appears and informs him. When she tells him of the suitors and the danger of Penelope, he breaks out in a strain of rage and indignation, which reminds one somewhat of the revengeful aria of Pizarro in *Fidelio*, and affords a grand opportunity for impassioned declamation, such as Mr. Adams was quite sure to improve. The scene has dramatic intensity.

X. Feast in Ithaca. This last is a stirring scene, full of fine musical matter, to much of which, however, the audience, sated with so much before, was probably but half alive. There is first a vigorous chorus of the people: "Have ye heard the tidings?" ending with shouts of triumph; then, by way of tender episode before the final chorus, a beautiful duet between the reunited wife and husband, which is of a very noble character, — nothing of morbid sentimentality or common-place about it; only the very richness of the full chord progressions in the orchestra make it perhaps a little cloying; and then a most enthusiastic, rapturous chorus of praise to all the gods, and triumph, beginning in long solid chords, and contrapuntally developed as it gains momentum and excitement; it has immense sonority and breath and splendor; but it is not a fugued chorus, and partly for that reason perhaps, though it is more tumultuous and overwhelming, it has less intrinsic power than the chorus of the Phaeacians.

This is a very meagre description of "Odysseus," and it will require more than one hearing to do it justice. On the whole, the impression left by it on our mind is of a work of rare musicianship and of imaginative genius. Of melodies, distinct and positive, one carries away few, and those not remarkable; but of *melody*, melodic passages, and phrases, it is full, — more in the choruses than in the solos, far more in the orchestra than in the voices. All flows gracefully and smoothly throughout. The part writing for voices is clear and masterly. The harmony and instrumentation are remarkably rich and graphic and original. It takes a composer of a high order to set such texts to music so successfully as Max Bruch has here done.

It is well that the Cecilia have decided to give another performance of "Odysseus" later in the season, for a curious variety of opinions have been expressed about it. For instance, in the *Sunday Courier*, after the musical editor has offered a favorable opinion, a "Growler" is introduced with "Something on the other side." He says: —

After listening attentively for two hours and a half to the combined efforts of soloists, chorus, and orchestra, I went home thoroughly worn out mentally and musically. I had looked for bread, and they had given what to me was a stone: so I naturally expected to find some confirmation of my feelings in the reports of the daily press. Judge then of my surprise at finding a review of the work in the *Advertiser* which started out with the assertion that the chief characteristic of the work was its expressive melodiousness! Here I had been a whole long evening following the work with all my eyes and ears, and had failed to discover anything whatever at all worthy the name of melody, and then to be told that melody was its greatest charm! I thought possibly I might be wrong, so I took the score and sought, as one seeks for hidden treasures, for the melody I was assured was there. I found, indeed, what I might call the front ends of what, if properly developed, might have formed respectable melodies, but nothing more. These fragments were from two to four bars in length, and often I said to myself, while listening, that the long hoped-for melody had at length arrived. No such good luck: the poor things seemed so lonesome, that after a very brief struggle for existence they retired into the orchestral tumult that surged around them, as if weary of contending with such uncongenial surroundings. I thought possibly that Penelope's lament might, though mournful, be musically expressive of her grief. I found it insufferably stupid, nothing more. In short, where I might reasonably have expected melody, I found nothing but musical commonplaces: even the choruses, with possibly two or three exceptions, were simply orchestral figures adapted to words. I found plenty of form, an excess of orchestral coloring, more or less declamation, some good choral effects, everything, in fact, that a thorough knowledge of the sci-

ence of music could give, except the divine spark that pervades such works as Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Gade have given us: of that I found not a trace. And yet we are told that the work is one of the finest of modern productions. Heaven save the mark! If this is a masterpiece, in what category are we to place the "Walpurgis Night," "The Crusaders," "Paradise and the Peri," or numerous other works I could name? Is the gift of melody utterly lost, and must we for the future be satisfied with the Wagnerian "Endless Melody," with symphonic works with choral attachments presented under the guise of Vocal Works? This seems to me to be the present drift of music. But enough for the present. While waiting for the matter to settle and take definite form, will you kindly point out to me one straight tune in the entire "Odyssey." I want to see what your idea of a melody is.

Quite the opposite opinion is expressed in the *Gazette*:

It is a strong work, exceedingly beautiful at times in its melodies, and always striking in the happy unity of fitting between the words and the music. Its harmonies are rich, fluent, and graceful, and the instrumentation is refined, masterly, and expressive. This cantata abounds in merits of every kind, and is characterized throughout by poetic and artistic sentiment of great elevation and purity. As a piece of writing for voices it is a masterpiece, and in every essential is a delightful work to listen to. It does not baffle the understanding or perplex the interest at a single hearing, and, though partaking of many of the qualities of the modern school, is wholly clear and broad, producing none of that monotony in effect which the mannerisms of the composers of the future have imposed upon their style. Some of the quieter portions of the work are exquisitely tender, and the chorus of the Sirens, in particular, is charming in its grace and delicacy. The performance scarcely did justice to the work. There was much untunefulness on the part of both chorus and orchestra, and appropriate warmth of expression was often lacking. In fact, there was a coldness and a rigidity in the interpretation generally, and often an absence of brilliancy where it was most needed. These shortcomings were doubtless due to the inevitable nervousness attending a first performance, and we trust that the work may be heard again, when the deep coloring it demands may be given. The soloists, who acquitted themselves very well, were Mrs. Rockwood, Mrs. Adams, Miss Morse, Miss Homer, Mr. C. R. Adams, Mr. Kingsbury, and Mr. Cornell. The work made a strong impression upon all refined and cultivated tastes.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 22.—On Tuesday evening, the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave its second concert with the appended programme:—

Overture, "Consecration of the House" . . . Beethoven.
Prelude, Minuet and Fugue (strings) . . . Reinhold.
First Symphony, B-flat, Op. 38 . . . Schumann.
Vorspiel, "Die Meistersinger" . . . Wagner.

These were the orchestral numbers. Mlle. Vallerin and Sig. Galassi were the soloists. The Brooklyn Academy looked lovely, as it always does when these concerts take place. Beds of flowers were to be seen everywhere, and the space occupied ordinarily by the orchestra—immediately below the level of the stage—was filled with magnificent growing callas and various other plants. The board of directors evidently aimed to please the eye as well as the ear, and the success was very great in either direction. Among other courtesies extended to those who attend the B. P. S.'s entertainments is the gift of an extended analysis of the symphony upon the evening's programme: each person is presented with a copy, and it is certainly a most considerate and thoughtful act. The performance was an excellent one, and it would be difficult to imagine anything finer than the precision and unity of purpose exhibited by this trained body of skillful and intelligent musicians; nothing was left undone, nor was anything done which should not have been done. In the face of these facts the critic is disarmed and compelled to become a eulogist.

Sig. Galassi added to his already enviable reputation by a most careful and artistic performance of the "Abendstern" from *Tannhäuser*, and received a most hearty and deserved recall. His repetition of the lovely Romance was even more successful than the original effort. In the next concert Rubinstein's "Dramatic Symphony" is to be the *pièce de résistance*.

Joseffy has returned to our city and was to have made his appearance at Chickering Hall on Monday evening last (Dec. 15); but a severe illness made it impossible for him to fulfill his engagement, and therefore the concert failed to take place. On Wednesday afternoon, however, he managed (against his physician's advice) to get to Chickering Hall and to perform in a matinée previously announced for that date. His programme included many well-known piano-forte works, among which were the Sonata, Op. 53, by Beethoven; a Nocturne by Chopin (Op. 32, No. 1); three

Etudes by the same composer; and a Fugue and Gavotte by Bach. It was quite evident that the renowned pianist was hardly in his best condition; yet his performance was in every way a most admirable one. It is very difficult to believe that greater perfection of execution can be attained; the delicacy of his touch is simply marvelous; in the latter regard he reminds one forcibly of Gottschalk.

On Friday evening he gave another concert, and on Saturday a second matinée. The programmes for these two entertainments were almost identical, and included the following well-known and exacting works:—

Variations Séries	Mendelssohn.
Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue	Bach.
Water-Song	Schubert-Liszt.
Nocturne, F minor	Chopin.
Polonaise, Op. 22	Chopin.

In each and every selection his technique was almost absolutely faultless; but his greatest success was in the Chopin Polonaise, which he played with a verve and dash that carried the audience by storm. To me, personally, his most delicious performance was that of Schubert's lovely song transcribed by Liszt; all sorts of technical impossibilities were crowded upon and into each other with reckless prodigality, and they all rolled from his deft fingers without the slightest apparent effort.

I regret to say that on Wednesday, Joseffy was guilty of the musical crime of introducing certain embellishments of his own into a Chopin Nocturne; this was most unwise, and it is to be hoped that this lapse from artistic rectitude was only sporadic and not chronic.

On Saturday evening (Dec. 22) the N. Y. Philharmonic Society gave its second concert, with substantially the same programme as that so ably interpreted on Tuesday evening in Brooklyn. Despite the inclemency of the weather the house was an excellent one, and it is exceedingly gratifying to see and to believe that this old, faithful, and valued organization is regaining its hold upon the public confidence and favor.

JAN. 5.—I omitted my usual letter last week, as nothing of special interest had occurred since the date of my previous communication, unless we except the performance of the *Messiah*, which took place on Saturday evening, December 27.

Mapleson's season is now over and it seems impossible to ascertain whether money was made or lost in the enterprise; however, it seems perfectly safe to assume that no colossal fortunes have been made. New Yorkers "perfectly doat" on the opera, but have always entertained serious objections to paying out much money for the gratification of their taste. My individual opinion is that operatic artists almost invariably receive exorbitant pay; it follows, then, that when a manager expends so much upon his stars, he has little left for his chorus, which is always made a scapegoat; the result is that lop-sided and poorly-balanced representations are the rule.

And now for the wonderful Hungarian—Joseffy. He has played in some five concerts and three matinées since his return, and (with one exception) he has never used but two different programmes; these he has played over and over again, and people are beginning to ask what it all means. It probably would not be far from the truth if I were to say that the gist of the matter is precisely as follows: Joseffy made a contract to play through the entire musical season for a stated sum; he can, if necessary, be compelled to play six times each week; since his arrival in America he has made the discovery that he is a sure card to draw large houses, and he is therefore dissatisfied to know that he has sold his services at a moderate rate: of course, he can be forced to play (unless physically unable to do so), but he is under no obligation to alter his programmes: consequently he is endeavoring to "freeze out" his managers by tiring out the public with the same selections repeated over and over. For instance, if he received an encore he would invariably respond with something from *the other list*: so he never forgot himself for a moment.

By some process, the details of which are shrouded in mystery, a compromise was effected last week, and on Saturday evening we had a Chopin night with the following programme:—

Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber.
(Orchestra)	
Concerto, E minor	Chopin.
Concerto, F minor	Chopin.
Polonaise, E-flat	Chopin.

It has never been my fortune to hear so exquisite a rendering of the lovely E minor: it was poetry embodied, and the imagination fails to grasp the idea that a more perfect performance (in every sense) could be even possible. As an interpreter of the subtle shades of meaning with which Chopin's works are so filled, Joseffy is simply peerless.

I ought to mention that my commendation ceases at a point some twenty or thirty bars before the close of the third movement. The pianist essayed to substitute octaves for the running passage in single notes, which constitutes the climacteric point of the Rondo. In the first place he was utterly without excuse in daring to do anything of the sort, and in the second place the octaves were so bunglingly done, and so many false notes were struck that the thing was a wretched failure. However, Joseffy is young and will repent such follies in time.

At the close of the first Concerto he received a most enthusiastic recall, which he finally acknowledged by giving the prelude in D-flat (from Op. 28) and the Valse in F major (from Op. 34). The same enthusiasm prevailed on the conclusion of the Polonaise, and the artist felt compelled to return to the piano; he gave a most charming performance of the Etude in C-sharp minor (from Op. 25) and a dainty Mazurka in A minor (from the posthumous Op. 68).

And so ended one of the most delightful concerts which has ever been given in our city. Chickering Hall was full to overflowing, and the demonstrations of enthusiasm and delight with which the artist was received must have been most gratifying to him.

ARGUS.

JAN. 12. The Philharmonic Club gave its third concert on Tuesday evening, January 6, with the following programme:—

P. F. Trio, Op. 97	Beethoven.
{ Adagietto	Bacet.
{ Scherzo (Quartet, E-flat)	Cherubini.
Duo, Flute and Piano	Schubert.
(Miss Bock and Mr. Werner.)	
String Quartet, D minor	Mozart.

The evening was a most stormy and unfavorable one, yet a very good audience assembled in Chickering Hall to hear the above selections. Miss Anna Bock, a young pianist, took the piano part in the Beethoven Trio, and the result was a somewhat tame and colorless performance of that lovely composition. The young lady plays with some technical skill, but does not seem to possess a thoroughly musical organization; she is far from comprehending the real musical significance of such a work as the Trio. She appeared to better advantage in the Schubert Duo, which afforded her the opportunity to display some very creditable finger-work. The club played the Mozart Quartet very charmingly, and one could well afford to forget the preceding numbers on the programme.

On Saturday evening, January 10, the same club gave the third concert of its Brooklyn series in the Assembly rooms of the Academy of Music. I give you the instrumental selections:—

Str. Quartet, Op. 74, E-flat	Beethoven.
Adagietto	Bacet.
Scherzo	Cherubini.
Sonata, D major, Op. 18	Rubenstein.
(Miss Ida Mollerhauer and Mr. Henry Mollerhauer.)	

Miss Ansonia Henn was the soloist of the evening, and she contributed greatly to the success of the entertainment by her artistic singing of some old Italian songs, together with one by Curschmann and one by Robert Franz. The Beethoven Quartet was very carefully played, but failed to make any strong impression upon the audience, for the reason that it requires a very thorough musical education to comprehend the author's intention. The Bacet Adagietto, as well as the Cherubini Scherzo, were delightfully done, and well merited an encore, which, however, they did not receive.

Rubenstein's noble Sonata was the piece of the evening, and was well played by Mr. Mollerhauer (cello), and Miss Ida Mollerhauer (piano); this young lady entered into the spirit of the composition with real musical intelligence and evident feeling, and so scored a very excellent success in spite of a few blemishes and crudities. The entertainment as a whole was a very enjoyable one, and seemed to be appreciated by a very attentive audience of some two hundred and fifty persons.

Strakosch's Italian Opera Company will open at Booth's Theatre on Monday evening, January 19, with "Aida;" "Mile. Singer, Mlle. Beloces (who was here three years ago) Signor Stocci, and Monsieur Castelnay will be the bright particular stars, and everything is to be done in the best manner, "utterly regardless of expense."

ARGUS.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 12.—The old year was closed in a very agreeable manner by the opening of the Wednesday Club, in its newly erected hall, December 30. The chorus, of which I have spoken in a former letter, produced Gade's "Erl-King's Daughter" and a short chorus by Mendelssohn. The society have since commenced practicing Handel's "Alexander's Feast."

The ninth and tenth students' concerts at the Peabody Conservatory presented the following programmes:—

Ninth Concert, January 3.

String Quartet, B-flat. Work 71. No. 1. . . Haydn.
(Messrs. Allen, Schaefer, Gilson, and Jungnickel.)

Songs, with piano: "To Cloe," "The Violet," "Lullaby" . . . Mozart.
(Miss Salie Murdoch, ex-student of the Conservatory.)

a. Impromptu C minor. Work 90. For piano. Schubert.
(Miss Esther Murdoch, ex-student of the Conservatory, second year.)

b. Song, with piano, words from Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" . . . Schubert.
(Miss Salie Murdoch, ex-student of the Conservatory.)

Piano-trio, B-flat. No. 6. Work 97. For piano, violin, and violoncello . . . Beethoven.

(Mrs. Isabel Dobbins, ex-student and member of the Conservatory, Messrs. Finecke and Jungnickel.)

Tenth Concert, January 10.

Quartet, Andante and Scherzo . . . Cherubini.

(Played by the Peabody Quartette.)

Variations Scréieuses . . . Mendelssohn.

(Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover.)
"Let me dream again," and "The Lost Chord,"
sung by Miss Lizzie Krueger Sullivan.

Dr. Sullivan, who has been in Baltimore for several days, was present at the latter concert, and the songs were given as a compliment to the popular "Pinafore" composer. The "Welcome Concert" to the doctor, given on Thursday, the 8th inst., was attended by a fairly sized audience, who evinced more or less enthusiasm over the following programme:—

Music to Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest;" Introduction; the storm; prelude to third act; banquet dance; overture to the fourth act. Songs, with piano: "The Sailor's Grave," by Mr. W. C. Tower; "St. Agnes' Eve," with piano, and organ accompaniment, by Miss Edith Abell Arthur Sullivan.

Chorus, "Alleluia," from "The Mount of Olives" Beethoven.

Music to Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice;" Introduction; sérénade; bournée; graceful dance; valse; finale. Songs, with piano: "The Snow Lies White," Mr. W. C. Tower; "The Lost Chord," Miss Edith Abell. Overture di Ballo Arthur Sullivan.

Chorus, "Hail, Bright Abode," from the opera "Tannhäuser" Richard Wagner.

The orchestra consisted of about forty-five performers, composed for the most part of the Peabody orchestra, and the chorus contained about two hundred and fifty voices. Both had been rehearsed under Mr. Hamerik for several weeks previous to the concert, so that Dr. Sullivan found everything cut and dried.

The most satisfactory of Sullivan's selections performed at this concert, in the humble opinion of our correspondent, is the music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which must be wonderfully effective when produced in connection with the play. The *Merchant of Venice* music, with the exception of the *Bournée*, which is quite interesting, sounds too much like Offenbach and Strauss to suggest Shakespeare. Neither does the "Overture di Ballo" present any special features of interest. In short, the selections made for this concert seem to show that Dr. Sullivan is a leader well acquainted with the orchestral requirements of the stage and the taste of the general theatre-going public.

Regarding the Symphony Concerts, the public is more in the dark than ever. The question is evidently one of dollars and cents.

"Wo du nicht bist, Herr Organist,
Da schweigen alle Flöten,"

says the German.

Musical interest will be absorbed next week by the opera, which promises six evening performances and one matinée. The operas announced are *Norma*, *Carmen*, *Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Mignon*, *Lucia*, and *Puritani*. C. F.

CHICAGO, JAN. 10.—Since my last communication to the JOURNAL there has been a little calm in musical entertainments. There was, however, a performance of the *Messiah* directly after Christmas, by the Apollo Club, when they presented the famous old oratorio, with the following assistance: Miss Mary E. Turner, soprano; Mrs. O. K. Johnson, contralto; Dr. C. T. Barnes, tenor, and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen bass. Unfortunately we have no large choral organization in Chicago. There are a number of societies that contain a hundred or a hundred and fifty voices each, and they give very interesting entertainments. But for a severe work, like this master creation of Handel, a very large and well-drilled chorus seems necessary. If musical jealousy could only give way to a real love for art, all the societies might be induced to unite and give a performance of the *Messiah*, worthy of the music. Some time in the near future we trust that this may be brought about. The Apollo Club sang finely and gave the oratorio as well as we could expect, considering the small number of voices. The orchestra was hardly adequate, but we have much progress to make in this regard before we may expect finished performances. Of the soloists Mr. Rudolphsen was the most at home in oratorio music, although Mrs. Johnson and Miss Turner sang with much feeling.

On the evening of January 2, Mr. Henry G. Hatchett, of Boston, gave a piano-forte recital at Hershey Hall. His programme was devoted to modern music, and hardly artistic in arrangement, if a progressive order toward a climax was the thought of the arranger. There were many points in his playing that were quite enjoyable, and he was sincere in his work. There was a sauness about his interpretations that seemed to indicate that he has yet to become free from the influence of his teachers and mark out a distinct path for himself. He has the technique and the talent for this, and will doubtless reach a higher position when he arrives at that point at which he can view his performances from the reflective side, apart from any external influences.

At Central Music Hall we have had two concerts by Miss Emma Thursby and Company, under the management of Mr. Geo. B. Carpenter. The programmes were an improvement upon those offered by the Patti organization, and contained some truly good music. Miss Thursby met with a warm recognition, every number that she sang being greeted with applause, and her fine singing pleased her large audience greatly. Her voice retains its bird-like tones, and

her execution is very artistic. There is a lack of warmth in her expression, but, doubtless, that is owing to the quality of her vocal organ, which is flute-like in tone. The playing of Mr. Rummel, the pianist, was disappointing to many of our musicians. His numbers were brilliant selections from Chopin, Liszt, and Tausig, and perhaps only calculated to show the virtuous side of playing; and that alone is a poor criterion for a comprehensive judgment.

Herr Adamowski, the violinist, has a good but small tone. He played very pleasantly, and above all, good music.

Mr. Fischer, the cellist, won recognition from the audience, and may be termed a good, although not great, player. Sig. Ferranti sang his musical nonsense with the same spirit and humor as of old, and seems able to win the enthusiastic applause of an audience with his time-worn songs, just as well as in his more youthful days.

Next week comes the Mapleson Opera Company. Before closing my letter I would desire to call the attention of the readers of the JOURNAL to a remarkable book that has just made its appearance in its English dress, "Hegel's Philosophy of Art," translated by W. M. Bryant. The general development of art, as thus unfolded by Hegel, presents a unity of idea that is remarkable, when we reflect on it. Mr. Bryant has done a good work, for which the lovers of art should be thankful. In his introductory essay he treats of music, and his statements regarding its contents and aim are the most comprehensive I have ever read. The unfolding of the idea in music has been a subject which the logical mind has been slow to consider, and it is most encouraging to observe that philosophers are at last realizing that in the unity of the Beautiful this art fills an honored place. For, as Mr. Bryant observes, "Music appeals to the organ of hearing, a sense more intellectual, more spiritual, than vision itself."

C. H. B.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

SALEM, MASS.—Gade's *Crusaders*, with some choice songs and gales, was performed by the Salem Schubert Club, W. J. Winch, Director, at Plummer Hall, December 30. The soloists were: Miss Clara L. Emilio, soprano, Dr. S. W. Langmaid, tenor, and Mr. Clarence E. Hay, baritone.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Julius Eichberg's violin pupils gave a concert in Chickering Hall, a few weeks since, which delighted a select and critical audience, largely composed of violin teachers and amateurs. The *Tribune* speaks of their performance and their training in the highest terms; and another paper acknowledges: "Boston has given us in this something that New York cannot match." We believe this is the only violin school in America, and it will soon furnish fresh and well-trained musicians for our orchestras and quartet parties. It was only yesterday that some of Mr. Eichberg's pupil's (young ladies) came to us to borrow the string parts of some of Haydn's Symphonies, which they propose to practice with several on a part.

PHILADELPHIA.—The rooms of the School of Vocal Art, 1106 Walnut Street, were crowded to overflowing last evening by an audience assembled to witness the second performance by the pupils of Auber's *Mason and Locksmith*. The opera was admirably sung throughout, both the solos and choruses showing a marked general improvement on the part of the pupils. Much allowance is necessarily due for the amateur character of the performers and the limited stage space and appliances for scenic and dramatic effect. But there was much real excellence in the style and precision with which the whole work was done, both ladies and gentlemen entering into the spirit of the fine composition with intelligent appreciation and correct execution. These operatic performances of the School of Vocal Art are designed purely as an educational feature of Madame Seiler's system, and their improving effects are plainly perceptible in many of the pupils, in their increased confidence and dramatic treatment of operatic music. The *Mason and Locksmith* was the best of the series of operas that have been given, and reflected much credit upon all concerned.—*Bulletin, Jan. 6.*

MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD, who had been announced to play the G-major Concerto of Beethoven, and the Fantasy by Schumann in the Harvard Symphony Concert, this week, was prevented by a severe sprain of his right foot. Mr. Sherwood will play in one of the later concerts, making his first public appearance here this winter.

In the fourth concert, January 29, Mr. Chadwick's "Rip van Winkle" Overture will be repeated; Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony and an Entr'acte from Cherubini's *Medea* will be played; Miss Emily Winant will sing; and there will be a Concerto, either for the violin or the piano, yet to be determined.

FOREIGN.

VIENNA.—Thus writes Dr. Hanslick in the *Neue Freie Presse*, in December: "Des Teufels Lustschloss, a natural magic opera in three acts, by Kotzebue. The music is by Franz Schubert, M. P., pupil of Herr Salieri, Imperial and Royal Court Chapelmaster in Vienna." Such is the title-page of Schubert's autograph opera score, now in the possession of the Countess Anna von Amadei, one of our first

lady musical amateurs. The celebrated old Court Chapelmaster, under whom Beethoven, also, transiently studied, without learning anything, was for a short time Schubert's master for composition. Ignorance and calumny have greatly wronged him ("Is it true that you poisoned Mozart?" Rossini asked him very naively); but he at least deserves the credit of zealously and unselfishly interesting himself in young talent. He was, it is true, far advanced in years when Schubert went to him for instruction, and, moreover, as a genuine Italian, not at all fitted to understand, far less to direct, Schubert's talent. The description: "Pupil of Herr Salieri," on the title-page, is an evidence of pleasing modesty. The opera was composed in 1814, that is, in Schubert's seventeenth year. The management of the Komische Oper in the Schottenring at one time contemplated bringing it out, as it had never been performed. But the plan appears to have been wrecked on Kotzebue's absurd libretto, which works up what is certainly the most disagreeable of all kinds of comicality, namely, that which is inseparable from dread and horror. The knight, Oswald, his bride, and his servant go through the most fearful adventures with spirits in the enchanted castle; they are dragged by persons dressed up in various disguises through every conceivable kind of suffering and danger, being finally conducted even to the scaffold! When, at the command of the executioner, they have already laid their heads upon the block and bid each other forever farewell, the owner of the castle appears and informs the poor wretches, who have been almost frightened to death during two acts and a half, that it was all a joke, which he has carried out by the aid of machinery and servants in disguise. Instead of giving the playful personage a good cudgel, those who are thus enlightened are much moved, and thank him. The theatrical public of the present day would scarcely consider it amusing to see for the whole evening ghosts, executioners, and so on, and then be informed at the very end that their anxiety was a piece of stupidity. Now, we cannot strip the book off a complete operatic score, as we take off a coat and have a new one made. Our witty friend, Grandjean, has, we hear, undertaken to alter Kotzebue's libretto, substituting for the capricious mystification by machinery, and so on, a dream, which is, at any rate, a more natural and more poetic motive. Whether much is gained by this for stage purposes we cannot say. Side by side with a great deal that is antiquated and unimportant in Schubert's score, we have come across so much that is delightful, so much that is truly Schubertian for its melodic freshness and marked character, that the idea of a stage performance does not really strike us as so very hazardous. With *Des Teufels Lustschloss*, our managers would, at all events, not sow more trouble and earn more disappointment than with many of their other novelties. Only a few words about the overture, which Herr Kremsner, the director, introduced to us at the last Society Concert. A well-nigh violent dramatic vein runs through it. We ask ourselves whence the young composer obtained such romantic strains, which make our blood curdle, at a time when there was no *Faust* by Spohr, and no *Der Freischütz*. The incisive dissonances with which the overture begins so jauntily, the repeated and luridly flashing infernal lights and the demoniacal grimaces, the low-sounding intermediate movement with *sordini* (almost a presentiment of the *Euryanthe* overture), and then the surprising employment of the three trombones, — all this may be exceeded by the devilry of our most modern operatic music, but is something wonderful in the seventeen-year old "pupil of Herr Salieri, Imperial and Royal Court Chapelmaster." — The next piece was a rather long cyclical composition by Herbeck, *Lied und Reigen*, the last he ever conducted himself. A master of sonorous choral writing and effective scoring, he has decked out this series of musical pictures with pleasing, interesting touches. As a whole, however, the work is deficient in convincing power. As a series it wants the homogeneity which would cause us to feel that the separate pieces naturally belong to each other, and are organically developed. Most of the contrasts and effects ranged in succession strike us as far-fetched and springing from a palpable striving after the "poetical." Premeditation is very apparent in the "Traurige Kermes," an attempt to reproduce Sterne's sentimental humor, or the humor of Shakespeare's clowns. Let any one compare with this piece Schumann's "Armer Peter," which renders with such truth and simplicity a similar mixed feeling. The serious ending, too, of the whole, the slow dying away of the two strophes given by the watchman, whom Herbeck posts first in the middle and then at the back of the concert-room, is conceived theatrically rather than musically. But the intended effect of this new device is not attained in the concert-room; the piece sounds flat and unsatisfactory, almost like a disappointed expectation. The difficult choruses in the work had been very carefully studied, and were executed by the Vocal Association with delicate nicety of light and shade. Herr Walter sang in an especially beautiful manner Pylades' air from Gluck's *Iphigenia*. But, had he been the Greek Pylades himself, with Orestes, in flesh and blood, by his side, the air ought not, on any account, to have been repeated, considering the formidable length of the concert. Some of the benches were already empty, with Brahms' Pianoforte Concerto and the whole of Mendelssohn's *Christus* fragment still to be performed! We have heard Miss Toni Raab, who was set down for it, play the Pianoforte Concerto far better on previous occasions.

EDUARD HANSLIK.

